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CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, A. D. 1886, M. S. 38.

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PATIENCE.

Swift-beating Heart, in patience curb
Thy eager throbs, thy wild desire;
Nor let opposing foes disturb
Thy aim, nor quench thy steadfast fire.

Patience, stern Will! Tho' sluggish
moves
The event which thou wouldst fain
control,
Forget not wheels that form new
grooves
In virgin soil are hard to roll.

Patience, bold Brain! the startled
crowd,
Who "think in herds" ne'er yet did
greet
New truth with acclamation loud,
Until crowned victor o'er defeat.

Patience, O Conscience! do not haste
Vainly to hurl indignant jibes
At those whose sense of right is based
On laws which popular rule prescribes.

Patience, proud Soul! e'en tho' the few
Who ought to know misunderstand
The unthanked work thou'rt called to
do,

So that thy work bear Wisdom's brand

Patience, brave Toiler! Duty asks
Thy isolation. Fear not thou!
In loneliness, the grandest tasks
Were ever wrought, and shall be now!

—Sara A. Underwood, in *Day Star*.

Contributed to *The Watchman*.

AN OPEN ADDRESS

Delivered by

DR. ROBERT GREER,

Before

The Chicago Association of U. R. P.
Spiritualists' and Mediums' Society,
In

Liberty Hall, 213 West Madison St.,
Chicago, Ill., Sunday Afternoon,
October 11, 1885.

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen:
By request of the spirits, and for
the information of strangers, present,
I wish to say a good word for this
precious, little, monthly, spiritual
messenger—THE WATCHMAN.

And while endeavoring to say a

good word for this vigorous branch of
the Tree of Spiritual Literature, I do
not want to have you understand
that I wish to condemn or disparage
any other branch of the Tree of
Knowledge—on the contrary, I wish
good-speed to all.

We cannot afford to deprecate any
of the World's Literature; for, what
we are in letters, here, to-day, we owe
to the World's Literature; and with-
out our Spiritual Literature, we
would now be several decades behind,
where we now are in advance.

It may be news to some, that in the
United States and Canada, in Eng-
land and in different parts of Europe,
Asia, Africa, and Australia, and even
down in old, Catholic Mexico, and
South America, there are over one
hundred regular Publications exclu-
sively devoted to the Cause and In-
terest of Spiritualism: and I presume
they are all good.

All agencies of this kind, wherever
found, for the spread of Light and
Intelligence for Human advancement,
should receive our hearty support.

THE WATCHMAN, too, ought to be
sustained—but few, perhaps, of our
transient friends, know of its exist-
ence; and fewer still, know of its merits.

True, every Sunday, THE WATCH-
MAN is formally announced here for
sale; but nothing is specially said to
extol or recommend it.

Now, I think, for the benefit of
strangers, the merits of THE WATCH-
MAN should be told, or something
said in its behalf, to impress the intel-
ligent observer.

Other News-venders are, seemingly,
wiser than we (Spiritualists), for they,
to better help sell their Papers, will
loudly proclaim all the latest intelli-
gence, or most important events.

For instance: If there is a Bank
Failure, or, an English War, a Double
Murder on the West Side, or, some
great Boarding-house Scandal on the
South Side, you hear it all.

I judge that the object of the Pub-
lishers, in this matter, is not merely
gain—there is a higher object to serve:
besides, they want that you have the
full value of your money.

I understand that THE WATCHMAN
is self-supporting, and asks no favors
that it cannot fully return. It gives
full value to readers, for their money.

Mr. Shedd, the worthy Assistant
Secretary of this Society, whose duty
it is to make all formal announce-
ments, could say much for THE
WATCHMAN, if he would; and I often
wondered why he did not—but, a
sense of modesty, I presume, naturally
restrains him from saying much, from
the fact that he is Assistant Manager
of the Paper.

As for me, however, I have no
personal interest, whatever, in the
matter, only a duty from Public
grounds, to help enlighten the Public
Mind, so that Human Wisdom may
increase, to the end that better Laws
and better Morals may prevail.

Unlike most Journals, THE
WATCHMAN is Edited, not by mortals,
but by spirits; and this fact
makes THE WATCHMAN what it is,
one of the most vital, interesting, and
fascinating Journals, published in the
Interests of Spiritualism.

All the Literary productions by
the Spirit Editor, as published in
THE WATCHMAN, are eloquent, bril-
liant, and sublime; representing a
grand conception of thought, and a
wonderful versatility, and which, for
elegance of expression, profound rea-
soning, moral suasion, and powerful
logical effect, cannot be surpassed.
But this is not all.

The chief aims of THE WATCHMAN,
are the advocacy of Human Rights,
Equity and Justice—JUSTICE TO ALL
—especially to poor, unfortunate,
down-trodden, struggling Humanity.

The compassion of THE WATCHMAN
for all this element of Humanity, is
as universal as the Race: and the de-
sire of THE WATCHMAN to bless, in
practical form, all this same element
of Humanity, is as unlimited in ex-
tent as the boundless realms of Spirit,
or Space. But this is not all.

The supreme merits of THE
WATCHMAN, are new and original
thought, and a high Moral sentiment;
also, new light, and a superior Wis-
dom from the spiritual side of Nature,
upon all the Problems of Life and
Death—giving to mortals a bright
and cheerful hope, and an intelligent
assurance of a happy future state of
existence.

MRS. BERRY, the Editress, is the
Medium. And, here, I will remark,
that, owing to her intensely fine, sen-

sitive, mental organization, as well as
her fine spiritual nature, she represents
the highest type of spiritual Medium-
ship.

She, by grace of Nature, is endowed
Intellectually; and, as a sensitive, is
capable of transmitting Intellectual
excellence.

Her greatness as a Medium, is evi-
dent from her Journalistic career, as
well as from the very high esteem in
which she is held by her friends, and
the spirit world.

MRS. BERRY is not merely the
exponent of already known facts in
Spiritualism; but is, herself, the
founder of new facts, thro' the agency,
I suppose, of those divine instrumen-
talities which she has called around
her.

Every monthly issue of THE
WATCHMAN is replete with choicest
gems of new and precious thought,
direct from the Laboratory of spiri-
tual Genius, Wisdom, and Intelligence,
for the elevation and glory of Man.

THE WATCHMAN has been pub-
lished to meet the wants of the spiri-
tual Public, and more especially, those
of the spiritual investigator.

To the spiritual investigator, there-
fore, THE WATCHMAN will be found
an invaluable and enjoyable help in
exploring all along the boundary line
of the mysterious invisible world.

And I can recommend it to all
those who wish to find within a mod-
erate compass, an intelligently writ-
ten composition of all the essential
current facts known, from month to
month, in the Life and History of
Modern Spiritualism.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from
being one, have oftentimes no connec-
tion.

Knowledge dwells in heads replete
with thoughts of other men; Wisdom
in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude and unprofitable
mass, the mere materials with which
Wisdom builds, till smooth and
squared and fitted into place, does but
encumber what it seems to enrich.

Knowledge is proud that he has
learned so much.

Wisdom is humble that he has
learned no more.—*Cowper*.

VACCINATION.

Editor of The Watchman:—

Will you be so kind as to give space to the following, in the columns of the noble WATCHMAN, for the interests of its readers.

The writer of this Article would not have the people ignorant of the fact, that a mass-meeting of the Citizens of Chicago will be called in the near Future, in order to present to the people, what their just and honest rights are as Citizens, and, particularly, as Spiritualists, who are leading all Christians out of the vile slums of earthly ignorance, unto the high, moral plane of integrity and respectability.

Yes, all Spiritualists who do unto others, as they would have others do unto them, will grant that the right of control over one's own person, is the most sacred and distinctive mark of Freedom and Liberty.

Where this right is trodden down, nothing noble or great can grow.

It is said that we are coerced for our own good.

We answer, that the sap within the trunk of the tree is of more value than the straight growth of a branch. If you lop the bough and suffer the tree to bleed to death—we ask you what you have gained!

To clip the growth of your own standard, by instilling into the very system of your being, such poisonous virus as bovine, cow-pox, horse-grease, calf-lymph, and other mythical names, you have violated the Law of Nature, and destroyed the inner life of the structure you profess to value.

By the compulsory Vaccination Acts, you wound to the core the sense of personal dignity in the people.

While you prate about the extension of the suffrage, you are cutting down to the root, the spirit of freedom, and even of self-respect, which is the only guaranty for its just use—you are preparing a Race of slaves, and, at the same time, you are struggling to extend Political power to the very men and women that you are debasing.

The only result must be a reign of demagogues, where the freedom and happiness of our Nation, must be sacrificed to the base ambition of pretended human saviors—even, if you please, call them democrats—the salt of the earth—who will selfishly spout themselves into power, that they may use it for their own ends.

Reader, mark, direct, that whithersoever the carcass is, the vultures will be gathered together.

A people who have lost the sense of liberty, must be the prey of schemers and tyrants.

By all such Acts, which compel the most servile submission to bodily and personal interference at the hands of the dominant class, you are destroying the spirit of the working masses, as well as others; and making base and abject the very people on whose elevation to noble and fixed principles, the Future of our great Country depends—ever onward to the full, legal, and lawful interests of all men and women, alike, before our Country's Laws; and the full protection to all the Citizens of the United States, at home and abroad, medically, and otherwise—Liberty to all alike: with injury to none.

Compulsory Vaccination has made murder (blood poisoning) a legal act in all Christian Countries.

Infants syphilised by Vaccination—the disease warranted to last for life, and yield no end of fees for medicine and attendance.

Yes, syphilis, and other incurable and loathsome diseases communicated to entire families, by Public Vaccination.

Even horns have been produced upon a human being—as the books at Castle Garden, N. Y., will verify—legitimate results from Vaccination of the bovine-life, creating cells in the human body—as I here cite.

New York, Feb. 25, 1882.

The natural results from Vaccination of a positive cell-life from the brute into man.

John Cardwell's healthy bovine virus—long horn, or short horn—you pay your dollar and take your choice.

Among the passengers who were landed at Castle Garden, from the steamship, Walesland, from Antwerp, to-day, was Leopold Dean, a man about 45 years of age, whose head was ornamented by two well-developed horns.

The horns were as large as those of a yearling calf, and projected from the forehead, on each side near the temples.

The man with horns attracted much attention as he walked about.

Great God! What next!

Vaccination is the cause of over forty species of diseases.

In Vaccination you find your enemy.

If the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, then, dead men should be held responsible to the living, for the teachings that result in disease and murder.

It is this letting the dead rest after they have led a beastly and villainous life on earth, that perpetuates History repeating itself in war, pestilence, and famine.

Vaccination is the scourge and curse of all curses, in vogue, when instilled into the system of the human family—young and old.

In Cook County Jail, Chicago, I have witnessed Dr. Krost, on Sundays, Vaccinate, both young and old, and that by compulsion, even under the protest of the victim—yes, even two men over 60 years of age.

This Vaccinator, Dr. Krost, in his Sunday work, is assisted by four men, and a turnkey to open cell doors, and as he goes from cell to cell, he says, in his rough language: "Come out here, till I cut you"—and it is done.

It was stated by many, at the time, that his fee, was \$1 per head.

Oh! Terrible!!

We again state, that Vaccination causes over forty kinds of diseases in the Human Family.

Vaccination murders unto the third and fourth generation.

Small-pox is created from the amalgamation of the Piscatorial Indian of the Sea with the French and Spanish Races, mostly—producing fecundating life infection. It is created on the South Sea Islands, at Pango, Martinique, Rio Janeiro, Havana, and at Rose Bud, on the Northern border of the Indian Territory, or, wherever the French and Indian can produce the hybrid.

Here is presented entailments—diseases which remain in those who

recover from Small-pox—tuberculated lungs, consumption, boils, abscesses, ulcers, gangrene, ophthalmia, blindness from the apathy of the cornea, inflammation of the serous membrane of the chest and abdomen, mesenteric diseases, and scrofula—with hosts of other diseases left in the human system from the causes of Vaccination.

We will now ask all practical students and teachers of the Alopatic and Homeopathic Schools, what it is that causes all the kinds of diseases from which the Human Family is suffering—small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, typhoids, yellow fever, diphtheria, &c.

The old Schools of Medicine, like Popery, are in the last throes of struggling for an existence: as is plainly shown in all Countries, to-day, by their uniting in making and securing the passage of Laws for their own individual protection.

The bubbles on a washerwoman's tub have more force and power in them, than the Medical Law in the State of Illinois, which was passed by only a majority of three, and is unconstitutional, even at that.

Tyrants are going under, and truths are coming uppermost, by the power of the spirit world to heal all kinds of diseases that are curable, all by the advocates of Ancient and Modern Spiritualists and Mediums.

The Christian Jesus cured all kinds of diseases, by laying on of the hands, as we are informed.

Reader, mark, and note, that all the old Schools of Medicine are in the last quarter of the wane of the Moon, and it is only a question of time to their death and burial.

THE UNHOLY RITE OF VACCINATION.

Vaccination—Inoculation—
Cow-pox, seed of yeast;
Doctors differing, which is best—
The pox of man or beast.

Poles no greater distance show,
Than Doctors are asunder;
Latitudes we must exhaust—
Or spare the lance of blunder.

First, one cicatrice was quite enough,
No one needed more;
Then two of course was Orthodox,
Then three, but now its four.

And since we mostly Vaccinate,
From peasant to the Queen;
Some have six well-marked vesicles,
While some exceed sixteen.

At first, one Vaccination
Would protection give for life;
But now they must Re-vaccinate
Each husband, child, and wife.

First, it was with horse-grease—
But now its pox from cow or calf;
Sometimes 'tis tinged with human
pox,
And sometimes half and half.

At first, salvation was complete—
From small-pox none need die;
But now 'twill only mitigate—
Thus Jenner preached a lie.

At first, this Vaccination,
But its one disease could give;
But now, not only syphilis—
But other evils live—

And this in spite of great reforms
Made in the Healing Art;
In losing once, (sic) remedies—
Known as the bleeding part.

By which Lord Byron's life was lost—

In History may be seen;
The Duke of Kent was also lost—
The father of Victoria, Queen.

By Nature's all self-healing powers,
By Sanitary Laws;
We health and comfort can maintain—

Backed by the Temperance cause,
Let none then Vaccinate their child,
But spurn its beastly charm;
The blood of life—a sacred thing,
Needs to be kept from harm.

The Schools of Homeopath and
Alopath

Are dying waves—
Their own tyrannical Laws
Bring them near their graves.

As plagiarists—charlatans—
Mountebanks—one and all;
They shall dig their own graves,
Wherein to fall.

Let me say, in closing, that we all, as mortal beings, are but cogs in the wheel of the great whole, doing our part, each in his and her own way, as we are moved to do the work in our destined path, even by compulsion; as no mortal being moves upon this earth, but by being compelled to move in different directions, by an unseen power, in progressive order, like wave ushering wave upon the beach; and each wave leaves its mark.

"We are all parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

Respectfully Yours.

DR. NORMAN MAC LEOD.

Chicago, Ill.

One of the most mirth-provoking morsels of wit ever uttered by President Lincoln was when he had the small-pox in the mild form of varioloid, but it was the small-pox, and no one dared to come near the White House. The weary man enjoyed the respite wonderfully, altho' he said:—"Is it not too bad that now, while I have something to give, no one comes near me!"

Extract from a Letter from HON.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the Eminent Anti-Slavery Champion and Humanitarian,
to DR. J. DOBSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25, 1882.

"I am with you in your opposition to Compulsory Vaccination. My logical faculty was offended at it long ago. At best it was simply boring one hole to stop another; and now it seems not even to do that, if men die of small-pox after Vaccination.

"You do me justice when you count me on the side of Liberty, and opposed to every species of Arbitrary power.

"I am for the largest liberty of thought and conduct this side of crime.

"I am no more in favor of such (arbitrary) power when wielded by a majority than by an individual."

Every act of self-sacrifice is followed by a long train of pleasant thoughts and happy sensations.

Written for The Watchman.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE
PATH OF LIFE.

THE WATCHMAN for December lies on the table before me. Its bright and pleasant title is both alluring and suggestive: suggestive of guardian spirits, who watch us, both when we wake and when we sleep.

The longer I live, and the more experience I have of spiritual matters, the more satisfied I am that the spirit world is a great factor in the affairs of this world, or life.

The Scientific world, and even the Materialistic world, also, are obliged to admit that the invisible and intangible forces are mightier than all we can see and handle: and it is demonstrated that all the facts and the phenomena of the earth and life are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy, that cannot be thought of as material. Now, this is the latest voice of Science.

A very eminent man, who is Scientific, rather than Religious, says, that, for all man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed, and accompanied by an invisible, intangible, intensely active world, one beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences akin to ourselves.

This eminent Scientist does not say that this is the fact, only, that such may be the case, for all we know to the contrary.

In every department of life, there seems to be intelligence, both in the trifles and in the sublimes, not always intelligence as Humanity defines it, but intelligence.

There is intelligence inhering in the atoms in "the law of definite proportions" (in Chemistry), whereby elements become compounds, and atoms become molecules.

It is hard to tell where such intelligence leaves off and the intelligence of insect life begins, or, between the lower and higher forms of animal life, or, between animals and men.

We know what human intelligence is, or think we do, we do not know as well what animal intelligence is.

Students of Nature insist and prove that voiceless insects have a way of communicating with their kind.

To quote from my own experience: I once had a horse that told me, by his voice, that his companion, that was out, was near at hand—one horse sensed the other. He always hove in sight when thus announced. How did he know it? The announcer never made a mistake.

We hear a great deal of late about mind-reading. That is more a fact than we are apt to be aware. I think the inferior world, even insect life is blessed with it, and the aggregate thought of the species, insect and even voiceless life, is reached individually.

It is not my purpose to argue, here, this point, I am only just suggesting it in connection with the advanced Scientific idea already mentioned in the affirmation "that the invisible forces are mightier than all we can see and handle."

In the light of this Scientific admission, What is intelligence? Where does it come from? What is thought? What is our own; and what comes to us; and to tell which from which?

I think if we try to answer the question, or, to define it, we will get into a labyrinth—that, however, is not the object of this paper.

It seems to me that all the Laws of Nature manifest intelligence. It inheres in them, and they are self-intelligent, or the intelligence perceived in them, is the manifestation of power thro' them. At any rate, intelligence exists, and, certainly, in the aggregate, it is greater than human intelligence.

It seems to me that the Scientist, at least, the sentimental Scientist, who has intelligently followed matter to its termination point, and found it there to be invisible force, and finding it greater than anything we can see or handle, finds it hard, by his admissions, to get away from intelligence. Whether his conclusions are, that it is Infinite Intelligence, is of but little consequence as far as we are concerned, for, practically, it amounts to that. And, if that is the conclusion, he is a Theist—the mistake is in defining it or Him.

We need not go as far as that. We, as Spiritualists, know there is an Intelligence surrounding us, and we call it the spirit world.

Each one of us has our invisible circle, as well as our mortal or social circle.

The invisible circle, which is constituted by our departed friends, reaches us thro' our Soul; our emotions, our intuitions, and the sentiment of the world, thro' literature and thro' human thought, feed it, so that the hungry heart of man is more or less satisfied: as Science, and knowledge of facts and phenomena satisfy the human intellect, which is younger than the emotions and intuitions.

It is admitted that man feels before he thinks—that feeling, in human life, antedates thought.

The admission, by Prof. Tyndall and the leaders of Science, that there is an eternal energy back of every thing, which we cannot even think of as material, is, certainly, groping in the dark very near the spiritual realm.

The word "spiritual" is, doubtless, an obstruction. But the rose by any other name will smell as sweet—but we will stick by the rose.

The thoughtful man, whether Scientist, scholar, or poet, will find but little difference, whether agnostically expressed, as above, or poetically expressed, as the poet, Longfellow, has intelligently presented it, where he says:—

"The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go and we perceive them not
Save by their influence."

The question, to-day, is, even by Scientists, whether this is a spiritual or a material Universe: and, by what we have said, it will be seen that the tendency is to give the accent to the spiritual conclusion. At any rate, it would seem, on the score of human happiness, that it would be Wisdom to give it the benefit of the doubt.

To me, there is no doubt: and to those who can see it in the light we do, they have the beauties of Summer, instead of the Arctic scenery of Materialism. Warmth, means life; cold, means death.

Since the spirit world has been made manifest, the temperature of the

world of thought has become comfortable: even outside of our belief, the world has a warmer feeling: it is due to Spiritualism; and yet the outsiders do not know it, but it is in the atmosphere, and it has come to stay also.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

ONSET CAMP-MEETING.

Editress of The Watchman:—

I will try to give you a condensed report of what I saw while at Onset Camp-meeting this Summer.

The first seance I attended was at the Berry Sisters'; the spirits came from their cabinet, one, two, and three at a time, and many of them were recognized—but no one came to me that I knew.

My next seance was at Mrs. Fay's, at her seance there were between thirty and forty persons present. The atmosphere was very warm, but, for all that, the spirits came very fast, and appeared strong.

There were six or eight spirits who took their friends into the cabinet, and they stopped in there for a minute or two, and when they came out to take their seats, the spirits would follow them to the middle of the room and dematerialize before all the sitters.

Two of my brothers and my mother came to me so that I recognized them; two other ladies came to me, but I could not make out who they were.

One spirit came out into the room, and I helped support her on my arm while she talked with several persons, she stayed with me until she dematerialized from my arm and went down, apparently, into nothing.

Another spirit, the daughter of a lady present, came and talked so that all could hear her. I asked her to come to me and get a package of candy—which she did. She bit off a piece, then she divided the balance and passed it among the sitters.

My next seance was at Mrs. Ross', where I saw my son, grandson, father, and mother, also my brother Charles, and my niece, Mary Haden: with many other wonderful manifestations.

I next called on Mrs. Huntoon, where most of the spirits who came, were cabinet spirits, but the most convincing to the skeptic, of anything yet, for her cabinet and all were so simple and so plain that there was no chance for a fraud.

My next experience was with Mrs. J. A. Bliss, and here I saw wonders under test conditions: friends meeting their departed relations, who proved to them that there is no death of the spirit, but of the body.

Next, I went to Dr. Rothermel's seance. First, he has what he terms his light seance, when he sits with his hands securely fastened to his pants, by tapes tied around his wrists and then sewed down to his pants, and a black cloth curtain thrown over him, all but his head, which is in sight all the time; while he was in this condition, we got communications written on handkerchiefs and paper for each one in the circle—some in foreign languages. There is also some fine music from the Zither rendered by the spirit hands that are seen in numbers at a time.

At the Doctor's dark seance, which

is light enough for us all to see, I have seen and talked with spirits of various Nationalities.

On several occasions I have also seen and talked with my Indian guide who is a fine specimen of the Red Man.

Last, but not least, I was at a circle held by Mrs. Best, at a stranger's house. It was on a cold, chilly night, and she had to go into the cabinet with her cloak on. Her circles were held in total darkness—most of the spirits making their own light.

I had a chance to see one, two, and three come out at a time, both male and female: also, half a dozen Indians were giving the call of recognition, as if in ambush, from all parts of the room.

Then, such singing, and playing on the organ as came from those spirits, far surpassed all the Opera Singing I ever heard.

Then, two ancient spirits came and gave us a powerful lecture that took us back to the time of the building of the Pyramids, and to the ancient Mound-builders.

Now, all these things I have condensed as much as possible; but it would take me a month to tell all I have witnessed. I could count over one thousand spirits that I have seen and talked with this Summer.

I now have Mrs. Bliss come to this City once a week and hold a seance, with wonderful success.

One lady, on leaving one of the circles, said, that \$10 was no object for what she had seen that evening.

So the road to progression is open, and all the fraud-hunters cannot close it up.

Yours for the Truth.

GEORGE Y. NICKERSON.

New Bedford, Mass.

Written for The Watchman.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET
IN AMERICA.

This is a Russian mode of punishing criminals. Two long lines of men with "knouts" (whips) are formed, and the criminal has to run the length between the lines, whilst every man who can inflict a lash with the whip, does so. Sometimes, the victim drops exhausted before reaching the end; and, sometimes, is let off comparatively easy.

For a long time we (Americans) have copied English Finances, which makes paupers and tramps. We copy foolish French Fashion: and now we copy Russian Justice. Nay, we out-do them all. The English take some care of their own Finance, at the expense of the Foreign; but we hurt ourselves Financially. The French do not murder themselves by extremes in Fashion; but, in imitating them, we commit suicide. The Russian Government does not enact Laws to make criminals, and then punish them for crime; but our Government, by Class Legislation, does pass Laws that make tramps, and then punishes tramping.

The following item, clipped from a recent paper, is a specimen of American progress and civilization for A. D. 1885.

"Monroe, Ind., cor. *Detroit Free Press*.

"This Town has followed the example set by the neighboring Town of Anderson with regard to tramps. Yesterday, six tramps were released from the calaboose and made to run the gauntlet of nearly two hundred men and boys armed with

Continued on Seventh Page.

THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN.

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WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

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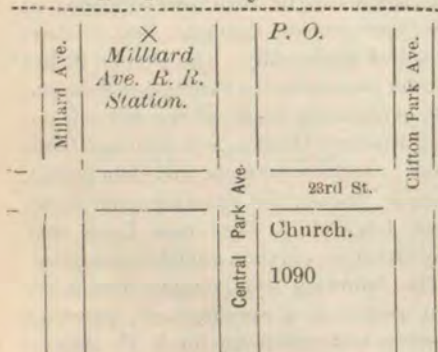
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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published; we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

Diagram showing the Location of "The Watchman" Office.



Trains for Millard Ave.

Leave Union Depot at 7.30 : 10.50 a. m.
1.30 : 3.20 : 4.30 : 5.15 : 5.45 : 6.20 : 9.20.
and 11.30 p. m. Sunday at 8.30 a. m.
1.05 : 6.20, and 9.45 p. m.

Leave Millard Ave. at 6.23 : 7.18 : 7.51
8.19 : 9.23 and 10.28 a. m. 1.20 : 2.20 :
4.24 and 7.08 p. m. Sunday at 9.35
a. m. 2.05, and 6.05 p. m.

PREMIUMS.

The following Premiums will be offered to Old or New Subscribers, until July 1, 1886.

Any one subscribing for The Watchman for one year and remitting \$1, will receive as a Premium, either a Photograph of H. A. Berry, Editress, or, a Pamphlet entitled, "Reflective Musings." State which Premium you desire.

Any one remitting \$1.25 for one year's subscription to The Watchman, will receive as a Premium, a book entitled, "A Fountain of Light," containing 832 pages. Or,

A Book Entitled "Prophetic Visions and Spirit Communications," containing 158 pages. State which Premium you prefer.

* + † || \$? ! ? † || \$ † + *

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO

CORRESPONDENTS AND EXCHANGES.

THE OFFICE OF THE WATCHMAN

Has Been REMOVED To

1090 CENTRAL PARK AVE.,

MILLARD POSTAL STATION,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ALL CORRESPONDENTS And EXCHANGES Will Please TAKE NOTICE And CHANGE Our ADDRESS Accordingly.

Our columns are open to all for a free and liberal discussion on all matters of Reform. Avoid personalities.

All Contributors to THE WATCHMAN are individually responsible for Articles appearing over their Signature.—Ed.

All letters of inquiry addressed to the Editress of THE WATCHMAN, must be accompanied with return stamps, to ensure reply.

Subscriptions received at this Office for the following Papers:

Spiritual Offering, (weekly) . . . \$2.00
Phrenological Journal, (monthly) . . . 2.00
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REFLECTIVE MUSINGS.

Or A Picture of Humanity, as Reflected in the Mirror of the Ages. By M. E. Taylor. Price 10 cents.

This is a very instructive Pamphlet, and should be in the hands of every Liberalist, Laborer, and Producer, in the Country. Sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 10 cents. Stamps taken. Address,

H. A. BERRY, Editress of THE WATCHMAN,
1090 Central Park Ave.,
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The Freethinkers' Magazine and Freethought Directory, for the United States and Canada, is a bi-monthly publication, Devoted to the interests of Freethinkers everywhere.

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REMEMBER TO ADDRESS US at 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill. This will ensure a more speedy delivery, and prevent mail-matter intended for us, from being mixed with that of the "Y. M. C. A. Watchman."

E. S. WETMORE, 444 Broome St., N. Y. City, is a duly authorized Agent of the Boston Star & Crescent Co., to receive subscriptions for THE WATCHMAN, and sign receipts for the same. Per Order. Boston Star & Crescent Co.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

EDITORIAL.

To our many friends, and the readers of THE WATCHMAN, we send our joyful greetings for the NEW YEAR. We wish for each and all, a year of health, prosperity, and usefulness, which, in turn, should bring happiness.

It is said that the Old Year dies, and that the New Year is born.

Yet, we know that the events of the old, live in memory's store-house; and that, therefrom, we can gather useful and precious treasures—relics of the times that are past.

From this memory's store-house, we gather together many kindly words and deeds that by true friends have been rendered: deeds and words that have given hope and power to the weary, over-worked brain and body: deeds that told more plainly than words could have done, that they, the donors, were in full sympathy with our work, and truly desired to help and assist in the promulgation of all Reforms.

Such friends as have been with us in sympathy and co-operation since our first adventure in the Editorial School, have had, and will ever have our sincere thanks and blessing.

The bond of sympathy existing between an Editor and the Correspondents to his or her Journal, must deepen as the years roll on—especially so, when the Editor and the Correspondents labor mutually, for the advancement of a Cause which is sacred and dear to each.

This is how we view it: and this is how we feel towards all our Correspondents; and towards those who have long been with us in the work of Reform, there exists a fraternal spirit that does not die, but strengthens as time moves on.

We are happy to inform our readers, that, with this "New Year," the prospects are correspondingly as bright and prosperous as at this time one year ago; and now, as then, THE WATCHMAN stands financially free from embarrassment: and is also holding its own in the Literary field.

And again we are reminded of the Prophetic words which were given by Spirit PEACE BIRD, and were published in the Second Issue of THE WATCHMAN, in October, 1880, wherein she said:—

Surely and steadily, day by day,
This little Paper will win its way,
Into the hearts and homes of many—
Crushing out none—NO, not any.

Steadfast and true shall the Watchword be,
Steadily on to VICTORY—
And Victory lies in helping others,
By uplifting your Sisters and Brothers. *

For the freedom of Speech,
And the dare to do right;
This same little Paper
Will traverse day and night.

* Humanity.

We remember of how some persons predicted that THE WATCHMAN would never live to amount to any thing; that it would struggle for a few months, and then die—it being too feeble to exist under the light of other Literary Stars.

Yet, each year since September, 1880, its First Issue, has proven that it was destined to live and to become a light, if not as brilliant, yet, as useful as any light now existing in the field of Spiritual Literature.

The full mission of THE WATCHMAN, is to enlighten and strengthen (mentally) those who may read its pages.

To prove the truths of Spiritualism, and to defend mediums who are unjustly accused of wrong doing.

To uphold Truth, and denounce Error, whenever

THE WATCHMAN.

appealed to in the interest of the Cause.

To develop and encourage mediumship, by soliciting mediums to give their experiences to the Public; and to write out their highest convictions of the Principles of Justice and Truth.

All this, and more, too, THE WATCHMAN has, in the Past, maintained, and it will continue to do so in the Future.

We, therefore, extend a special New Year's Greeting, and solicitation towards all who may desire to send us their communications, aspirations, and such testimony of their experiences in Spiritualism as they may wish to give to the world.

Remember, friends, mediums, and the general reader, that, for every proof of the truth of spirit communion that you may give to the world, there will be a re-echoing cry from the spirit world, saying:—

"Well done, kind friends on the earthly shore, give to the world all that we give unto you, and in good time we will repay you with double proofs of our watchfulness and care."

Thus we hear the spirit voices saying:—

"Give of your knowledge, and greater knowledge shall be added unto you. To those who now feed on the husks of spiritual food, give them the manna of Modern Spiritualism, in so far as it has been given unto you; and if one of you has received one proof that spirits do live after mortal death, then, give that proof to the world, that others may read and be comforted."

"And remember, that every testimony given in the Cause of Spiritualism, is like unto every stone that is used to build the mammoth structure of the Temple of Religious Reform."

Then, send us your experiences in Spiritualism; your inspirations and holy thoughts.

Our Columns are open to discussions on all matters of Reform; and to any subject that will enhance the good of the Human Race; and, especially, to all Reforms that will sweep out error and crime.

MME. HELEN HOPEKIRK.

We have had the pleasure of attending two of MME. HOPEKIRK'S Pianoforte Matinees, and we, unhesitatingly, pronounce MME. HOPEKIRK a MUSICAL GENIUS. Her executions denote both talent and culture; her touch upon the keys, is both masterly and inspirational; and she holds her listeners spell-bound, by her remarkable musical powers.—ED. THE WATCHMAN.

Prophetic Visions of National Events, and Spirit Communications, by Lucy Lovina Browne, Medium. Price 50 cts. This is a book of 158 pages, and is filled with interesting and prophetic messages from various spirits.

We offer this book as a premium to all persons sending \$1.25 for a year's subscription to THE WATCHMAN, during the next six months—Jan. 1st to July 1, 1886.—See List of Premiums.

The Gnostic is a new 24-page Monthly Magazine, devoted to Theosophy, Spiritism, Occult Phenomena, and the Cultivation of the Higher Life.

George Chaney and Anna Kimball, Publishers and Editors. Assisted by an able corps of Correspondents. Terms:—\$1.00 per annum; 10 cents per single copy. Make all orders payable to the Proprietors of *Gnostic*, 112 McAllister St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF U. R. P. SPIRITUALISTS' AND MEDIUMS' SOCIETY which meets in Liberty Hall, 213 West Madison Street, Sunday Afternoons, is in a flourishing condition.

Its President, Dr. Norman MacLeod, is an earnest and energetic worker in the Cause of Spiritualism.

This Society was Organized May 9, 1884, and Reorganized May 3, 1885, and is a Legally Organized Body, on an equal standing with all Religious Bodies, before the Law; and is entitled to full protection under the Statutes of the State of Illinois.

This Society has the power to License and Ordain Ministers and Missionaries to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism.

This Society also has the power to Charter and Establish Auxiliary Societies anywhere in the United States; and Missionary Stations abroad. And said Auxiliary Societies and Missionary Stations will be entitled to the same protection before the Law, as the Home Society.

This Society is the oldest Spiritualist Society in practical working order in the City of Chicago.

The Society has purchased an Organ: is free from debt, and has a balance in the Treasury. And, being Legally Organized, is entitled to receive and hold Bequests, Donations, &c.; and to transact Business the same as any Corporation.

Its Meetings are well-attended, and the numbers are increasing every month. And there is never any lack of interesting speakers and good mediums present at the Meetings: and many have received the consolation of the proofs of spirit return, while attending these Meetings.

THE CHICAGO LYCEUM OF TRUTH SEEKERS, which meets in the Morning, has an absolutely free Platform; and is doing a good work.

THE CHICAGO SPIRITS' CONFERENCE SOCIETY, which meets in the Evening, is in a flourishing and prosperous condition: and is doing much good.

These two Societies are Auxiliary Societies of THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF U. R. P. SPIRITUALISTS' AND MEDIUMS' SOCIETY.

One important feature connected with the Society, is a miniature Restaurant, where a lunch is served at Noon and at Evening, at 5 cents each, to persons who attend the Meetings, and desire to remain from one session to another.

There is an Admission Fee of 5 cents, at the door—no collections, except for Charitable purposes.

If you want to attend a good Spiritualist Meeting, go to Hall 12, 213 West Madison Street, where you will get well repaid for your time and money.

Editor of The Watchman:—

Your Paper is a jewel of beauty and attraction: therefore, must win its way to popular favor with all liberal Spiritualists.

The Article on "Legal Killing," by the Spirit Editor, is the best illustration of the subject ever thrown before the reading Public, so far as I am capable of judging: and those to whom I have read it, freely gave the same opinion in regard to it. M. E. T. Oakland, Neb.

MESSAGES.

We invite all who receive spirit messages, and are desirous of publishing the same, to forward them to this Office, and they will receive due attention. We require that the name of the medium, thro' whom the communication is given, be published therewith.

We also invite all who recognize any of the messages published herein, to forward statements of verification also to be published, to establish the truth of the messages and vindicate Spiritualism.

These Spirit Messages are written thro' the hand of Mrs. H. A. BERRY, (Editress); and the spirits are assisted in coming and giving their messages, by the medium's Guide, PEACE BIRD.

CIRCLE, January 5, 1886.

MARTHA COOLEY.

My name is Martha Cooley, of Worcester, Mass. I passed from the body with what the Doctor said was congestion of the bladder, and other complicated troubles. I was a great sufferer for many years; but I am free from pain now. I am happy, and I feel that I would not wish to resume my earth life again. I passed away ten years ago, at Worcester, Mass. My husband, Herbert E. Cooley, is now on earth, and is in Boston. I have tried to get a message to him, but have utterly failed. He was a good man, but he never would stay to any one trade. He always done a little of whatever he found to do, when he felt like it. He has been at work in Boston, lately, and I hope he will see this message, and will know that I live, even beyond the portals of the tomb.

I thank you for allowing me to come and write my message; and I hope that some of my friends will see my message, and will recognize me. Good day.

HERBERT S. WHIPPLE.

Herbert S. Whipple, a child of ten years comes and says: I want to tell mamma and papa that Herbie isn't dead, but that I am with Aunt Julia and Frankie. We have a nice home here. We are happy. Frankie is my brother. Mamma thinks that she will see us some day,

when the Lord takes her up into heaven. But I want to tell her that she need not wait so long as that to see us, for we often come where she is: and if she will try, she will see us in the room with her. I want to tell mamma and papa that I aint dead. My papa, his name is John, and my mamma's name is Lizzie: and they did live in Warren, Mass.

SUSIE CUSHMAN.

Susie Cushman passed away in her 30th year—lived in Willimantic, Ct.—left a small family of children. Her husband, Franklin Cushman, is who she desires to reach; to ask him if he will go to some good medium so she can control and talk directly to him. Will he only do this—try until she convinces him, that she, it is, who is around him, impressing him that she is not dead. She is anxious about her children, and would advise him.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WATCHMAN is a good medium to ADVERTISE in—and why?

First: Because it is well circulated both in America and in Europe.

Second: Because it is a clear, well-printed Paper.

Third: Because we take good care to have each Advertisement appear to the best advantage in our columns; and thus make it a prominent feature of the page, and, consequently, it will attract the attention of each reader.

For development of mediumship, send for H. A. BERRY'S, MAGNETIZED PAPER.

Each sheet is Magnetized for the especial requirements of each individual purchaser.

7 sheets (1 per week) \$1. Single sheet, 15 cents. Send lock of hair as a magnet.

Address H. A. BERRY, 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

Peace Bird's Mission Fund.

It has been suggested by the Band of Spirits, that we establish a FUND by contribution from different persons who feel to donate what they are able, towards sending THE WATCHMAN free to those who are unable to pay for it.

Each donation thereto will be acknowledged by the Editress, by letter, to the party sending it.

PEACE BIRD offers her photograph as a premium, to all who will donate \$2.00 to the PEACE BIRD MISSION FUND.

Small amounts will be gratefully received, to help on the work. Address

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editress, 1090 Central Park Avenue, Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

Send for H. A. BERRY'S MAGNETIZED PAPER for the cure of disease, and relief from pain.

Each sheet is especially Magnetized to supply the constitutional deficiencies of each individual purchaser. Full directions accompany each sheet.

Single sheet 15 cents. 7 sheets (1 per week) \$1. Send lock of hair of the patient as a magnet.

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Send for photograph of Spirit WHITE FEATHER, PEACE BIRD, as a magnet of Spirit power. Price 50 cents. Address

H. A. BERRY, Editress, 1090 Central Park Ave., Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 pays for The Watchman for 1 year.

CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN.

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.
Formerly Publisher of

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Volume 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 50 cents each. Postage 16 cents.

INVOCATION.

"Come holy spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours."

Let thy love and mercy, which endureth forever, flow over the minds of those assembled together, filling their Souls with peaceful tranquility; and allow the light of thy messengers to spread an influence of receptivity that will illuminate the chambers of the mind with the truths that may be revealed.

We desire our spiritual band to guide us in the highway of happiness, and inspire our minds with liberal and forgiving thoughts towards each other in our varying differences of opinion.

Help us, Oh, friends, to place our feet on the rock of truth and righteousness with firmness, that no storms or cyclones of vituperation, persecution, or sarcasm can cause a tremor.

We desire our spiritual friends to join with us in sympathy, kindness, and commiseration for all who suffer; and pity the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to our door that we may not turn him away empty. M. M.

FRAUD--HUNTERS.

We feel a great desire to dust off those fraud-hunters—those who are so deeply interested in the Public welfare, and who kick up such a dust wherever they go searching for fraudulent mediums.

No doubt, they think their services are needed to protect the Public from fooling away their money—being fully persuaded in their minds, that they are competent to destroy all necessary conditions for an expression of the truth—the Materialization of the forms of men and women.

We know that they (the fraud-hunters) can, for we have had an experience with a fraud-instigator, a psychologist—one who came to our place with a medium, and insisted on having the medium controlled in our presence, and for our benefit.

This fraud-instigator magnetized the medium, and tried to influence the medium to deceive us—but he did not succeed.

He was caught in one of his tricks, for the medium was genuine, and would not be influenced by him.

When detectives have found a medium who is receiving a reward for his or her services, they pounce upon them, and produce a row—grab the medium, tare their clothes, and put them in prison—and for what?

Mediums should learn the necessary conditions to counteract all evil influences that might be thrown upon them: they should not cultivate selfish motives, but should have the ben-

efit of Humanity in view; and they will then be in a safe condition, and their band of good angels will protect them.

When detectives, with their confederates, enter a circle, they take possession of the Magnetic battery, and use it to gratify their design, which is, to prove that the medium is a fraud.

Mediums should always have one or more protectors, who should stand firmly on the rock of truth, justice, and mercy, and be in perfect harmony with the medium.

There should be a spirit Chief in the spirit Sphere, with a Band of spirits as firm as himself—and if there are Spiritualists present at the circle, they should sit near the cabinet, and the invisible forces will then be enabled to produce a wall of influence that the spirit of evil cannot penetrate.

The medium and his or her protectors would hold the fort, quell the storm, and wave the answer back to the spirit guides, by your powers we will.

Then, those spies might be hung up to the ceiling by a Magnetic rope, which the invisible entities have the power to do.

We are impressed to say that it is impossible to prove a medium a fraud, when fifty sensible people have been satisfied that they have seen Materialized living entities thro' the instrumentality of that medium.

Detectives have tried, by their tricks, to prove H. C. Mott, a fraud.

Mr. Mott told us that he was seven years developing as a medium, before he could be used to produce the desired effect of spirit Materialization.

And since that time, thousands of people have, thro' his gift of mediumship, looked into the faces of their friends, and have heard friendly and loving expressions from their lips, which, to them, was a joy forever.

They bring to memory

The morning light of other days;
To cheer and comfort us

In many pleasant ways.

Not long since, a woman called at Mr. Mott's place and asked to have a seance with him.

He replied, "No, you are a crank."

She denied it.

Then he told her that she came from a cranky place, and that he would not let her in.

Mr. Mott has a control that can take possession of his organism at any time, and tell the motives of those who wish to enter his circles.

If they are cranks, he will not allow them to intrude, as those who have come to meet their friends, should not be disappointed, by having a discord in the seance.

A woman came from Pennsylvania to investigate Mr. Mott—she determined not to be known—no one knew her at the circle; and when her name was called by the control of the circle, there was no response.

The control called her name a second time, and said:—

"I know you, you are from Pennsylvania—I know all about you, and will tell."

And she left the circle, and went away without any further communication.

As there is a Law of Retribution, and as we measure to others, it will be measured to us again: we will suggest to those detectives, to let the

mediums work out their own salvation in their own way, as they (detectives) cannot save them (mediums). And both detectives and mediums will have to suffer the consequence of their own deeds—as there is no blood of the innocent that can save any one—and you (detectives) had better have a millstone hanged about your neck, and that you be thrown into the Sea, than to molest one of these little ones whom the spiritual world is using to demonstrate the Gospel of the Resurrection of the spiritual body from the earthly body.

If those people who sit in circles, are not able to discern living spirit entities from rag babies, what good will result from detectives interfering—it will not improve their vision.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

ANSWER TO M. E. T.

The encomium from the mind of M. E. T., in the last WATCHMAN has touched the harp of many strings of sympathy, with a Magnetic chord of harmony which vibrates in the spirit realm as well as here, and blends, like the tints of the rose-leaf, in appreciation of our mental action, and with the spirit forces that produce the result.

An Article was written thro' the hand of a medium, and was published in this Journal in 1881, saying:—

"The thorns of injustice shall all be extracted from the bleeding feet of patient endurance; and the velvet carpet of appreciation shall be spread for her weary feet."

M. E. T. has spread the carpet, and we will walk on its soft, mossy path, in harmony.

Sympathy is a sentiment

Full of delight;

With gems of sweet thought

That make lives more bright.

To be appreciated, is an encouragement—it is not flattery.

M. E. T. knows from whence the cup is filled; and we rejoice to know that the cup is considered by some people, to be pure metal.

We send greetings, with the Compliments of the Season, to all those who have eulogized our sentiments as expressed in THE WATCHMAN.

We may not meet, on earth, but we shall meet in the Spheres of Harmony; and shall know each other better, "When the mists have cleared away."

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

INSPIRATION.

We often sit by our table, and take a slip of paper, and, without any premeditation on what shall be written, we write sentiments that seem to flow from our mind.

But we know that mental action is not produced without inspiring thoughts: and when expressing them, it seems like inhaling the atmosphere and breathing it out again.

There must be air to breathe: and, likewise, an influence to inspire thoughts from. And these lines were produced in that wise.

One evening, we asked this question of our invisible friends:—

"Can you hear me when I think; and feel the glowing heart-thrills of sentiments of joy so sweet?"

And it was answered in the affirmative.

Then we thought—"Was it an individual spirit who answered?"

And they said, "No."

Then we enquired—"Was it a circle of seven spirit entities that surrounded us?"

And they made a sign, "Yes."

We then sang, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Then we were impressed that, by careful research we might learn the real value of the sentiment expressed in those words.

A Grecian Philosopher once controlled a medium, and said:—

"God is the spirit world of Souls."

Jesus said:—

"My Father and I, are one."

The Magi said, when he was called "a Prophet" by an American traveler:

"No; I am the mouth-piece of Alla—he is me, and I am him."

If we do not love our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen; and may never see!

Love is the fulfilling of the law; and what we love, is our God.

If we love goodness, mercy, justice, and equity, and all things pure, beautiful, and good, we shall be nearer to the pure circle.

We have no doubt about the truth of the impressions we receive: and we shall express them carefully; and hope that they will be profitable and agreeable to the readers.

"O, those chords of magic power,"

That bind our Souls this silent hour;

And fill our hearts with love divine—

A heaven in fancy's wide domain.

What is this fancy, this imagination, which creates, by reflection, images and scenes most lovely and of the rarest beauty?

Can they be lost, or, are they living entities, to be enjoyed forever?

In looking into the Science of the Soul, and perceiving the glory of the inter-communion between the spiritual and the material worlds, language is inadequate to express the grandeur and sublime aspirations produced by the view.

To be encircled by those elevated and refined minds, who have experienced life in its nature and variations thro' many Cycles or Periods of Time, and have the capacity to blend in harmony with them, is the highest elevation we can reach.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

When we turn our thoughts heavenward, and ask our spirit friends to draw near to us—touch our lips with a coal from the altar of the eternal fire of love, mercy, and justice, they come pouring streams of light and Magnetic influence over us.

And when we are filled with the power, called the Holy Ghost, we can send out streams of the same fire, and touch the Souls of others. M. M.

GOOD AND EVIL INFLUENCES.

We, with our limited experience, are endeavoring to show what we know concerning their operation on mortals, and how we are clothed upon by one or the other, and how mediums suffer when coming in contact with evil influences. M. M.

Selected.

HEARTS AND HOMES.

(Song.)

Hearts and homes, sweet words of
pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall;
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all.
Homes ye may be, high, or lowly,
Hearts alone, can make you holy,
Be the dwelling e'er so small,
Having love it boasteth all.

Chorus:

Hearts and homes, sweet words of
pleasure,
Music breathing, as ye fall,
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all;
Hearts and homes, hearts and homes.

Hearts and homes, sweet words re-
vealing,
All most good and fair to see,
Fitting shrines of purest feeling,
Temples meet to bend the knee;
Infant hands bright garlands wreath-
ing,
Happy voices incense breathing,
Emblem fair of realms above,
For love is heaven and heaven is love.

Chorus: Hearts and homes.

Written for The Watchman.

DAY--DREAMS.

I sit in the old arm-chair, and as I
lean back and swing off into a sweet-
ly, dream-like state, how the old
friends gather around me.

On my left, stand father and moth-
er, who recall to me my boyhood
days; and I seem to kneel once more
at mother's knee, and softly say—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I hear the voice of the whip-poor-
will, as it sings its plaintive notes,
just as it did 50 years ago at the old
farm, that lays so beautifully and so
bewitchingly, on the side-hill, bathed
in the lingering glow of the rays of
the setting Sun.

I hear father's voice raised in com-
mand to the lowing herds that came
at his kindly call.

I hear the voice of the watch-dog;
the old playmate of us all.

Brother's and sister's voices I hear
in gleeful tones as they resound so
sweetly thro' and thro' the by-gone
realms of memory's halls.

I hear sweet music that goes and
comes and thrills thro' my Soul like a
rift of sunshine, so light and airy, it
seems 'tis not music that comes from
earth, for it floats so sweetly thro' the
air, that I know it is from some angel
choir in Summerland.

Oh! how sweet these day-dreams
—might I dream them forever, and
shut out the world!

And here comes the boys that I
have hunted with—how they shout
with youthful glee, as we take rod
and gun and dog, and in the bright
Summer morn, start for a day's sport
in the native wilds—the forests near
our home: I can see the hut and the
cane where we met to eat our noon-
day lunch, and the brook where we

learned to swim, and the trees we
used to climb, and the squirrels as
they shook their heads at us, and left
for safer retreats among the hills.

How I drift in this day-dream!

I see the old school-house, and in
it the master so grim and so austere.
I see the boys on one side, and the
girls, our sweethearts on the other—
little maids in their early teens, and I
think how few, how very few of all
the school-house full there is left on
earth—I cannot count ten—but they
come to me in hosts in this day-dream
of mine, and drift about me like
fairies.

There is Mary, she was a beauty
on earth—she is far more beautiful
here in spirit life.

There is big boy Tom, he is as
gentle as a lamb, with bearded face,
he did not leave earth life but a few
years ago, yet he is the same jolly
boy that he was on earth.

And here is Madeline, she was
sixteen when I first knew her, we
used to wander down by the brook
where drooped the willow, and we
should have been wedded in June,
but she was called over here before
the appointed day, and now she
dwells among the fairies on the gold-
en strand.

And here I see beside me an angel
bright, she was the wife of my youth
—she is my guardian angel now, and
watches with a mother's undying love,
her two boys who are out in the busy
world fighting the battle of life, and
winning from the world a livelihood.

And here in this day-dream, come
the little ones, one, two, three, four,
five, six, all boys, what a crowd! the
old man has more friends "over there,"
than he has on earth.

Let him dream, for he is lonesome
when he walks the earth alone; and
his mind, in its waking hours, drifts
to the home of his idols, and earth is
drifting swiftly from beneath his feet.

Let him dream, for he is in his fu-
ture home now, making a call; he
will be called to stay, soon, so let him
dream.

Ah! but he does not dream; his
spirit friends have cast over him the
spell of peace, a peace not known on
earth.

Let him dream, and in one of these
day-dreams he may pass over to the
other side, and dream the sweet dream
of spirit life.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Continued from Third Page.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET IN AMERICA.

whips and clubs, formed in line. The
tramps were compelled to run into the
river, which was not deep. All emerged
safely on the other side and soon disap-
peared down the railroad."

Eternal principles of Justice and Hu-
manity that should obtain at all times and
in all places are thus trampled under foot,
and retribution will surely follow.

Those who invoke a storm and defy it,
may some day realize their own invoca-
tion.

Those who sow the wind, may reap the
whirlwind.

F. J. EMARY.

Osceola, Iowa.

Written for The Watchman.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Late despatches from Buenos Ayres
give us information that the Argen-
tine Republic, of South America, is
scraping the Religious barnacles off
their Ship of State.

It appears that one, Dr. Clara, a
Catholic Ecclesiastic, and acting Bish-
op at Cordova, issued a pastoral letter
prohibiting the sending of Catholic
children to the Normal Schools of the
Republic where Protestant teachers
were employed.

The National Government, consider-
ing it an act of disrespect and insubor-
dination, took the matter up, and, after
the exchange of several notes between
the Authorities and Dr. Clara, the mat-
ter was referred to the Attorney Gen-
eral, who gave the opinion that the Gov-
ernment, which confirmed Church
nominations, could discipline and dis-
miss. Whereupon President Roca
issued a decree dismissing Dr. Clara.
This was followed by a sharp discus-
sion in the Press, and also in Con-
gress.

Notwithstanding the decree, Dr.
Clara refused to accept his dismissal,
and continued to exercise the functions
of his priestly office. He even issued
a second pastoral, in which he asserted
that it was his duty to obey instruc-
tions from Rome, rather than the
Laws from the National Government.

This was followed by Dr. Maltera,
the Apostolic delegate, anathematizing
the Normal School of Cordova, of
which Miss Armstrong, a Protestant,
was Directress.

Thus far the proceeding is about
the same as that experienced by all
Governments and by all people,
where Popery has succeeded in get-
ting a foot-hold.

But the sequel, in this case, is alto-
gether different, for Dr. Maltera was
immediately called upon for an expla-
nation of his interference with the Laws
and Authority of the Country, and as
the explanation was not made, this
Apostolic delegate, who, it is claimed,
was the instigator of all the trouble,
got a passport requiring him to leave
the Country within twenty-four hours,
and the requirement was complied
with.

Thus it will be seen that there is
one Government on earth which dares
to ring the nose of a Religious Bull;
that there is one place in the world
where the wishes and authority of the
people are not trampled under foot by
the hirelings of a Foreign, Religious
Potentate.

It will now be in order for heav-
en's head representative at Rome, to
send forth his execrations against the
Argentine Republic: and if any one
should feel it his duty to lend a hand
in helping to curse a Government
conducted expressly and exclusively
for the good of Humanity, we would
refer them to chapter twenty-six of
Leviticus, wherein may be found a
sample of what ancient Priests could
do in the way of cursing a Nation,
when they set themselves about it.

We here give a few specimen ex-
tracts from the above mentioned
chapter—something for the boys to
commence with:—

"If ye will not harken unto me,

and will not do all these command-
ments," "I will even appoint over
you terror, consumption, and the burn-
ing ague that shall consume the eyes."

"I will also send wild beasts among
you which shall rob you of your
children."

"I will send the pestilence among
you," "and ye shall eat the flesh of
your sons, and the flesh of your
daughters shall ye eat."

"And upon them that are left alive
of you, I will send a faintness into
their hearts, in the lands of their
enemies," "and ye shall perish among
the heathen, and the land of your
enemies shall eat you up."

"I will cast your carcasses upon the
carcasses of your idols, and my Soul
shall abhor you."

"I will draw out a sword after you,
and your land shall be desolate, and
your cities waste," for I am your
Lord (Pope).

W. W. JUDSON.

Kansas City, Mo.

Written for The Watchman.

OLD AND NEW.

While we give kind greeting to all
the new,

We'll not discard the old,

Nor bid Truth & Justice a sad adieu

For those who love silver and gold:

As honest poverty, we know,

(With firmness of purpose combined),

May have a kind of wealth to show,

Which cannot be confined

In the vaults of any Ceresus.

And people will get fooled,

If they think to make a Jesus

Of Vanderbilt, or Gould.

Tho' one passed out while on a cross

Between two thieves, nailed up,

And Vanderbilt was the NOBLE boss

Of a two-hundred-million-cup,

They both passed off the face of earth

And when they shed their coats

Which name was of the greatest worth

As a help to guide life-boats?

Can Vanderbilt's silver bath-tub, be

good

For the righteous to bathe in? when

The owner withheld both raiment and

food

From starving, laboring men?

And when the blood of Jesus will fail

To redeem Mankind from sin,

Will the blood of those who now

weep and wail

Bring the true millennium in?

Let us hope the day is not distant

when

The just and true will find

That homes can be guarded by women

and men

Who are both noble and kind:

And who will teach our youths, that

health,

(By obedience to Nature's Laws),

Will bring contentment, and also

wealth,

As the effect of a natural cause.

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